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SUPER HEROES FROM THE MIND OF

JOE BARKER

SAINT SINNER

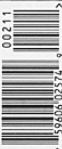
HEINOUS HOMECOMING!



OBI

DIRECT EDITION

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POSSESSED BY TWO ENTITIES FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION, THE BOY PHILIP FETTER MUST NOW EXIST IN THAT SMALL SPACE BETWEEN THEM, AS A MAN TRAPPED BETWEEN LIGHT AND DARK: GOOD AND EVIL. HE'S GAINED INCREDIBLE POWER, AT THE COST OF HIS YOUTH, HIS LIFE, AND HIS VERY SANITY.

HOME IS WHERE
THE HEART IS...

...AND I AM A
MAN WITHOUT
A HOME.

WHAT SHALL
WE DO WITH YOU,
OFFICER? FIND A
GATE TO ANOTHER
WORLD OF... HIDE
BETWEEN WORLDS...
OR IN SOME
FUTURE TIME?

MY HUMAN HEART WAS
TORN FROM ME IN A PLACE
CALLED THE AMEN.

OUR
PRISONER IS
HUMAN.
CANTO, EXILE
WOULD BE
DEATH TO
HIM.

IN RETURN FOR
MY HEART, I'VE
BEEN GIFTED
WITH LONGING...

LONGING FOR
A PAST THAT IS
LOST TO ME AND
FOR A FUTURE
THAT IS NO
LONGER
POSSIBLE.

IT MATTERS
NOT. TROUBLE
WILL COME TO US
WITHOUT THE
OFFICER BLUE-
MAN'S HELP.

CLIVE BARKER PRESENTS...

SAINT SINNER

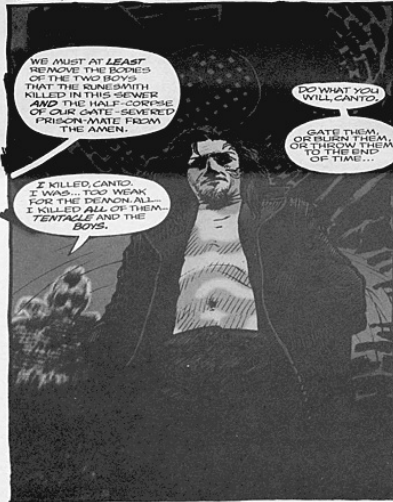
CROUCHING LIKE A FETUS IN THE WOMB OF
MY FORMER HOME, I GESTATE...
THE EMBRYO OF SOMETHING BOTH
LESS AND MORE THAN HUMAN.

WHAT IS IT THAT
THE EARTH WILL BEAR?
WHAT IS IT THAT
I WILL BECOME?

EARTH ANGEL

...a Tale of the Barkerverse.

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SOMETHING'S
WRONG WITH
THE EYES...

... UNLESS THEY
WERE MEANT
TO BE THIS WAY YOU
FOUND THIS ON
THE WOMAN'S
BODY?



RIGHT AFTER WE
PULLED HER OUTTA
THE RIVER! WHO SAID
SHE'D SAVED A KID FROM
DROWNING! AND HE
KILLED HER FOR
HER TROUBLE!

GOT TO
WONDERING
IF THIS WAS A
BONAFIDE SAINT,
OR SOME KINDA
CULT THING.

I GOT YOUR NAME FROM
FATHER TONY AT ST. ANNE'S--
SAID YOU WOULDN'T MIND
ME DROPPING BY.



I'VE NEVER
SEEN
ANYTHING
LIKE IT.

CAN'T SHAKE
THE FEELING
THAT THIS MEDAL
HAS SOMETHING
TO DO WITH
THE MURDER...



... IF THERE
EVEN WAS
A MURDER.

YOU SAY
THE BODY JUST
DISAPPEARED?

RIGHT OUT
OF THE MORGUE!
VERY STRANGE!



FRANK KELLY?
THAT WOULDN'T BE
FRANCIS XAVIER
KELLY
WOULD IT?

AFTER
THE
SAINT?



WHAT
ELSE?



JESUIT
SCHOoled?

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
I'LL WORK ON THIS
AND GET BACK TO
YOU, SERGEANT
DUFFY.

THANKS, FRANK.
AND AS THEY SAY
"ONCE A CATHOLIC,
ALWAYS A
CATHOLIC!"

The old man
prays, Sinner.
You hear his prayers
through me.

See what his Prayer gets
him, Saint? The Old, wet
night of a blizzard... A
sidewalk for his Pillow!

THE DEMON'S
WORDS HAVE
TRUTH FOR ME. LIKE
EVERYONE ELSE,
I WALK EAST
THE OLD MAN,
GOING WHERE
HE CANNOT.

I GO TO THE SAFE
PLACE...

... TO THE SANCTUARY
THAT THE OLD MAN LONGS
AND PRAYS FOR...

... I GO HOME.

THIS TIME I WON'T WALK BY.

HELP ME!
HELP... WHAT?
I USED TO
KNOW...

That's right,
Sinner. Let
me pray
guide you.

NOW IT IS A REFUGE.

BUT, I LEAVE IT...

Listen,
Sinner!
Hear the prayer
of another
old man.

WHERE AM I?
WHERE... WHAT?
WHAT WAS I...?
OH GOD OH GOD
HELP ME!

This one
your
Grandfather.

THIS PRAYER TOUCHES ME.

MY ROOM, JUST AS
PHILIP BETTER LEFT IT,
NINE YEARS AGO
AND YESTERDAY.

REMEMBER THIS,
SAINT? YOU ONCE
THOUGHT THIS ROOM
A PRISON.

... AND FOLLOW THE PRAYER
OF THE SUFFERING MAN.

LOST... LOST
IT... SOMEWHERE?
WHERE?
OH GOD OH GOD!
HELP ME!
I'M LOST!

I FOLLOW THE PRAYER
OF A MAN WHO'S
LOST HIMSELF...

...GRANDPA?

AND LOST
HIS MIND TO
A DISEASE.

HELP...

SHHHHHH...
IT'S OKAY...
I'LL HELP YOU.

BUT CAN I HELP?
I SEEM TO HAVE
THE POWER TO
"MAKE YOUNG".

CAN I MAKE A MIND
GROW YOUNG AGAIN? CAN
MY TOUCH MAKE ITS CELLS
REGENERATE ITS NEURONS
FIRE?

I... I... AGNNHHH!

OHGODOHGOOHHGOD!

YES, YES...
I KNOW, KNOW
WHERE I
AM, NOW!

NO! YOUNGER! YOUNGER!
NOT EARLIER! DON'T SEND
HIM BACK! I MUST GET
CONTROL! IF I CAN
JUST CONCENTRATE--

-- BUT THAT'S NO
LONGER POSSIBLE.

I AM NOT THE BOY
WHO LEFT THIS HOUSE.
THE DOG KNOWS THIS.

GRRRRRR

WE'RE NO LONGER
ALONE.

RROWEE
RROWEE

QUEEEEEEE
GUMPKR

SOME ARE MADE TO
PAY FOR SINS...

...SOME FOR GOOD DEEDS.

KUK

PHILIP?
IS THAT
YOU?

RUSTY... NO!

NORA! TOM!
SOMETHING'S HAPPENED...
I KNOW THINGS AGAIN,
PHILIP! PHILIP
HERE TOUCHED
ME AND I...

BUT PHILIP,
YOU'RE SCARED BOY!
AND YOU'RE GROWN!
HAVE I'VE BEEN ASLEEP
SO LONG? AND
YOUR EYES... I I
I SEEM TO... KNOW...
I KNEW...

...FOR A MOMENT
I KNEW... BUT IT'S...
GONE... GONE...

I'LL... TAKE CARE
OF YOU... EASY,
OLD BOY...

PHILIP? I DON'T
UNDERSTAND,
BABY... MAKE ME
UNDERSTAND...

THEY'VE ENTERED MY HOME
AND THEY'VE MADE ME PAY... THEM...
THE TWO OF THEM...

...ANGEL AS WELL AS DEMON!

BUT, IT'S OKAY...
OKAY NOW, MOM'S
HERE NOW...

...AND DAD WILL
TAKE CARE OF
EVERYTHING.

EASY OLD BOY...
I'LL TAKE
HIM OUTSIDE...

CALL...
GOT TO GET
HELP...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND
MYSELF, BUT I'VE
HELPED PEOPLE, BUT I'VE...
HURT SOME PEOPLE
TOO AND I... SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED TO ME...

...NOT MY SON...
EASY, OLD BOY...

HOME! THEY'LL TELL
ME WHAT TO DO...

...THINGS WILL BE
NORMAL, NOW.

I LEFT THE BOYS!
SOBBING IN A BACK
ALONG SOME CORN-
GRAVES I HAVEN'T
LOCATED THE HOUSE
OF OUR BAD TEMPERED
FRIEND FROM THE AMEN.

I'VE BROUGHT
A BEAUTIFUL LIGHT.
WE WILL BE ABLE
TO SEE HIM NOW,
EVEN THROUGH
THE WATER.

...WE MUST
BYE
TEN ACLES
CORPSES AND
GET HIM
QUICKLY TO
BULL BABY
AND THE
HUMANS.

I HOPE
WE'VE NOT ERRED
IN TRUSTING OUR
BULL BABY TO
WATCH THE BLUE
MEN.

THIS IS
WHERE WE
LEFT HIM, I
CAN FEEL
THE GATES
AFTERHEAT.

THE LIFE IS
SO STRONG IN
THIS WORLD, CAN'T
THE WORLD SWEL
AND THE BLOSSOMS
FRAGRANT? I FEEL
I COULD TAKE ON
A GOD AND
DEMONS!

BE CAREFUL! YOU
COULD GET YOUR
WISH! BESIDES...

I HOPE WE'VE NOT LET A MONSTER
FROM THE AMEN WASH INTO
THE EARTH'S SEA. IN MY LEAPS
ACROSS TIME INTO SAINTS' FUTURE. I
HAVE SEEN NOTHING OF HIM. PERHAPS
THAT MEANS WE WILL HAVE FOUND
HIM SOON.

THERE'S
RAIN ENOUGH
TO HAVE
WASHED HIM
THROUGH
THREE
WORLDS BY
NOW!



HEY... UH... LISTEN...
I GOT A GREAT SHINY!
I'LL TRADE YOU FOR THAT
OTHER SHINY YOU
GOT... THE KNIFE

YEAH...
THAT'S
IT!

THANK YOU!
THANK YOU!

YOO
WELCUM!

HOME.

IT LOOKS
FRIGHTENING

NO... JUST A
BIT... ~~DISBURRING~~...
NOT AS DISTURBING AS
THE STORY YOU'VE
TOLD ME... IT'S...
SO HARD TO
BELIEVE.

AND YOU...
YOU DON'T
LOOK... DON'T
SEEM... LIKE
YOURSELF!

THE ENTITIES
THEY'VE BEEN **LIVING**
IN ME FOR NINE YEARS.
MOM, IN A WAY I'VE
BECOME THEM. I
CAN DO THINGS!

HERE, WATCH
THIS PLANT!

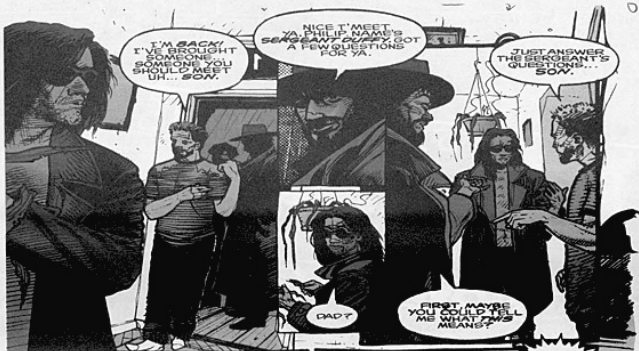
... BECOMING
SOMETHING NEW.
I DON'T KNOW
HOW, BUT --

PHILIP!
THE
PLANT!

OH!

SEE? I CAN
CHANGE IT'S
EVOLVING.
I THINK...

MOM... I CAN'T
CONTROL IT. LIKE WHAT
IT MADE ME DO TO
DANNY AND GREG! I
NEED YOUR HELP MOM!
I WANT MY LIFE BACK...
MY NAME
WANT IT BACK!





IN THE DARKEST CORNER
OF A DRUGGED MIND...

THREE QUESTIONS,
SAINT!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

You're
dreaming.
Simultaneously
the one they shot you
with? You're sleeping
now and it's making
you dream.

WHO
IS THIS
CHILD?

YOU,
FILLY!
I'M YOUR
PAST!

AND IN YOUR FUTURE, YOU DEFIED
ME ONCE AND PARRED YOUR PARENTS.
HOW THEN, REPAY YOUR PARENTS
WE CANNOT DOFF ME WHILE YOU
SLEEP. I SAY KILL THE CHILD!

I'M HERE, SAINT,
AND I SAY KILL!

KILL AND KILL!

NO!

WAKE UP, SAINT! WAKE
IF YOU CAN, OH, BUT
YOU CAN'T, CAN YOU?



I SURVIVE... BUT
MY FRIENDS...
WHERE ARE
MY FRIENDS?

GOOD
GOOD SHINY!
NICE MANS GIMME
IT/MANS SAYOO
WELCUM!

IT IS A THING
I HAVE NOT TRIED.
THOSE FROM MY WORLD
WHO HAVE MADE THIS ATTEMPT
HAVE NEVER COMPLETELY
RETURNED. A PIECE OF THEM
ALWAYS REMAINS IN
THE NEW CREATION.

I CAN FEEL
THE HUMAN WHO
WORE THIS JACKET...
THE SAINT SINNER...
HE'S IN PAIN... WANTING TO
REMAIN... KNOWING HE
CANNOT. WE MUST FIND
NEUTRAL TERRITORY...
A PLACE WHERE HE CAN
BEGIN THE SEARCH FOR
A NEW SOUL. WE MUST
FIND IT FAST...

...FOR THE BLUE
MEN SAW WE
TAKE NO JACKET.
DOES SUCH A
PLACE EXIST?

IT MAY
EXIST.
IF WE
WISH IT.

THEN YOU
WILL DRAG US
WITH YOU TO
THIS OTHER
DIMENSION?

NOT
ANOTHER
DIMENSION!

TO A
DORMANT
DIMENSION!

DOWN THE
WAY/WE'LL TRAP
'EM BETWEEN
EXITS!

THEN,
HURRY!
THEY
COME!

THOSE WHO
WOULD WAKE
A SLEEPING
DIMENSION...
FORCE IT TO
GIVE BIRTH TO
A WORLD.
MUST GIVE
SOMETHING OF
THEMSELVES
IN RETURN.

"THEY MUST GIVE
THEIR FREEDOM."

NOW IT IS CANTO WHO
MUST GIVE HIS.

HE WILL BE A WORLD-WAKER.
HE WILL OPEN THE WOMB OF
TIME AND SPACE.

WITH HIM, HE TAKES
TWO OTHERS...

...ONE WHO CARRIES
WITHIN HER THE SEEDS
OF A NEW FORM OF
LIFE, STOLEN FROM
A THOUSAND WORLDS...

MEN-MASH WILL
SEED THE WOMB
THAT HE OPENS.

THE OTHER HAS
NOTHING.

NOTHING BUT
A TREMENDOUS
WILL TO LIVE...
TO SURVIVE...

...THE FEROCIOUS
WILL OF AN INFANT.

BULL-BABY'S
LIFE FORCE
WILL ACTIVATE
THE SEED.

THEY ARE THE NEW TRINITY...

...FATHER/MOTHER/
CHILD...

...CREATORS OF A COSMOS
TO HOUSE THEIR
SAINT AND SAVIOR.

IN ONLY AN EON OR TWO...

...IT IS DONE!



HOW MANY
LIFE TIMES
TO MAKE
A WORLD?

NOT SO MANY
IN THE GREAT
SCHEME
OF THINGS.

HOW MANY
LIFETIMES WILL
IT LAST?

ALL OF THEM,
MOTHER. THIS
WORLD HAS ALWAYS
BEEN. WE ARE
ITS PARENTS AND
PROGENY.





WE'VE MADE
A NEST FOR OUR
HATCHLING, BUT CAN
YOU STILL CRACK
THE SHELL OF HIS EGG?
CAN YOU FIND
THE SAINT SINNER?

I HAVE JUST
ENOUGH STRENGTH
TO GIVE HIM A HAND
THROUGH. HE'S
ABLE TO HELP US!

AND HE REACHES THROUGH
THE WALL BETWEEN
WORLDS FOR WHAT IS
CERTAINLY THE LAST
TIME.

HE REACHES THROUGH
THE BARRIER THAT
SEPARATE MOMENTS,
ONE FROM THE OTHER.
HE GROPEs TOWARDS AN
INSTANT IN TIME THAT HE
BARELY REMEMBERS.

GOWAY!
GOWAY,
BUDDIES!

THANK YOU
FOR THE GLASSES.
I DON'T LIKE...
DISTURBED
PEOPLE.

YES I BELIEVE THAT
YOU'RE... UH... NOT EXACTLY
HUMAN, ARE YOU?

NOT
EXACTLY.

HOME IS WHERE
THE HEART IS AND I AM
A MAN WITH NEITHER.

MY CHEST HOLDS ONLY
LONGING AND MY HEAD
SCREAMS WITH THE PRAYERS
OF THE GRIEF-STRIKEN,
THE HUNGRY, THE OPPRESSED.

I CAN'T LET YOU
GO. IT'S YOU
UNDERSTAND? NOTHING
IN MY EXPERIENCE
EXACTLY COVERS
THIS SITUATION.

SWEET LORD
AM I DOING
THE RIGHT
THING?

I USE MY POWER TO
ADVANCE LIFE TO A
FUTURE FORM.

THE PRAYER OF THIS
STRONG MAN TOUCHES
ME. I MUST RELIEVE
HIM OF HIS BURDEN.

WAIT...
WHAT'S...?

I THINK OF THE MILDENED
JACKET AND THE FUNGUS
BURGES AND GROWS...

CANTO!

SERGEANT
PUFFY...!

I WILL CARRY
THIS PRAYER WITH
ME... BEYOND DEATH!
LIKE A HANDFUL
OF PEBBLES
TO DROP ALONG
THE FOREST PATH.

...I UNDERSTAND...
I'VE HEARD
YOUR PRAYER... I
FORGIVE YOU!

IT DOESN'T EAT
ME. I GO TO
EXILE AND DEATH-
THE DEATH OF MY
HUMAN EXISTENCE.

DO YOU HEAR ME?
ARE YOU ONE OF THE
DARK SAINTS THE OLD
FOLKS PRAY TO?

ONE DAY,
I MAY FOLLOW
THE SEEBLES
BACK HOME.

...REVOLVING
THE CANVAS
FRISON...
FRISON ME.

FREEING ME,
BUT WILL IT EAT
THE MATTRESS NEXT
OR WILL IT EAT
THE WORLD?





SAINT SINNER

light the corners of my mind

Marc McLaurin I remember seeing the first commercial for the motion picture *Star Wars* as a kid, months before I actually saw the movie. In that interim, my mind played with the title, imagining the interplay between the characters, the epic scale, and the intrigue in the combination two words.

Though the film didn't disappoint, I still recall the first thing that fascinated me about it was that so much threatening promise could be held in such a simple title.

I suspect, in picking up a book titled SAINT SINNER, that you know something of what I'm talking about.

a world, anew

In that first meeting where Clive outlined the ideas that would form the RAZORLINE, I felt that same threatening promise in those two words, Saint Sinner. It awakened a world of immediate possibilities, and held all present there on the edge of our seats with the anticipation of Clive's description of the concept.

But the truth, again in retrospect, was that we were already hooked on this, the most uniquely bizarre titles in the Barkerverse, from the name alone. The rest was gravy.

proof in the pudding

But what a succulent recipe it is. Liberal dashes of mysticism added to a smattering of the bizarre, like his companions Mish Mash, the patchwork woman, Kento Canto, the inter-dimensional acrobat, and Bull Baby, the infantile powerhouse. Mix thoroughly and pour liberally over the husk of a boy-become-man with amazing but finite power, under a light glazing of shattering and near infinite tragedy.

And shake. And shake. And never settle.

planning ahead

In future months, this space will feature new recipes for adventure within the Barkerverse, as well as notes from all the talents involved with this series, including but not limited to, Clive himself. Your way of getting in on this is to send us your thoughts on this first course for:

RAZORLINE
c/o MARVEL COMICS
387 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10016

In the meantime, we'll be exploring and experimenting with new mixes in the mind of young Phillip Fetter, in a cutting edge world mixing the fringes of culture with the darker recesses of the human imagination.

Stop by and pull up a plate. It'll be mmm-mm good.

deal me in

Malcolm Smith Welcome to SAINT SINNER: the wildcard in the RAZORLINE deck.

As Consulting Editor, I'm given the honor of helping to watch over the unpredictable Elaine Lee as she weaves and expands Clive Barker's already intricate story of good and evil. I'm allowed to peer over Marc McLaurin's shoulder at the dark images Max Douglas evokes into life. I'm obliged to watch the noble name of Smith go down in flames as, one by one, we meet the Runesmith's malevolent brothers. And I'm given permission to peek around the corners of Philip Fetter's bewitched life and glimpse what's coming up, if only just before it happens.

All in all, I feel about as lucky as the time when I barely passed the height requirement to ride the roller coaster at Space Mountain.

Now, if this book has already gotten under your skin and has you itching to see what takes place next; has you needing to understand more about what's really going on, take heed: it's gonna get a lot darker before Mr. Fetter finds the light switch. And when he does, it's not long before the bulb burns out.

One thing you can count on, though — the guy's got resilience, and lots of it. And he's learning more by the minute about his power to evolve things.

You know what I'd do if I had his powers? I'd evolve a few of the dumber titles out there, the ones with the big guns, babes and bloodbaths, and give them some of the poetry and imagination that appears in SAINT SINNER.

Oh well...

For the time being, SAINT SINNER will just have to be a one-of-a-kind experience. As long as it finds its way into the hands of people like you every month, then we can be pretty certain the wildcard's being played.

NEXT: Saint Sinner, comes face to face with the creatures within him as we reveal the origins of the demon and the angel at war within him!
Be here for: "It's a Jungle In here."